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Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. I.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1859.

NO. 52.

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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness
despatch and despatch.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

The following description of a Jewish
Wedding, is from a recent number of Black-
wood's Magazine. We think it will be in-
teresting to our readers.]

I had the honor of assisting at a wedding
held in the house of a Jew merchant of the
middle class. I made my appearance at the
place of entertainment in great state, ar-
rived in a wedding garment the like whereof,
I flatter myself, is not commonly seen in
these parts—the stable jacket of the—the-
tessars—and preceded by two of the con-
sular carvasses, who strutted before me with
great silver-headed sticks. The open court-
yard which as usual with Damascus houses,
occupied the centre of the building, was mus-
ical, as I entered, with the violent drum-
mings and twiddlings of four natives mus-
icians who sat perched on a raised bench un-
der a small tree, in a style which reminded
me of a picture I once used to study of the
Brid's Orchestra fiddling at the wedding of
Cook Robin and Jenny Wren, and was filled
with guests and spectators, including a large
party of Turkish women in their shroud-like
white garments who, clustering together at
the far side of the tank and mingling with
some of the others, looked on apart. Pass-
ing through this throng, I entered the re-
ception-room. It was a moderate-sized apart-
ment of Damascus fashion, with the floor of
the inner half raised above the level of the
entrance so as to form a kind of sanctum,
around the three sides of which ran a low
divan. Seated on a chair placed on this
divan, and appoyed against the centre of the
back wall of the room just opposite to the
entrance, was what appeared to be a stiff
painted ship's figure-head, towering above
everything else like an idol on an altar.—
Around but lower down, occupying the di-
van, squatted a party of Mayday chimney-
sweeps, rigged out in all their finery. Then,
at least, was the first impression produced;
the real fact was that the figure-head was
the bride, and the chimney sweeps her lady
friends—all the beauty and fashion, in fact,
of the Jewish portion of Damascus. This,
however, did not dawn on my weak mind for
some time, for I was so perplexed by the as-
tonishing nature of the vision; so addition-
ally confused by being instantly presented
to all the big-wigs of the establishment, to
whom I bowed right and left, in a state of
obedience which left me for the moment no
clear discrimination between sixteen years
in paint and petticoats and snuffy sixty in
a beard and turban, that I did not at first feel
myself capable of any investigation into the
phenomenon, but turned all that remained
of my faculties to lowering myself gingerly
on to the low divan. This was not easy.—
English trousers at the best are ill adapted
to the performance. Mine, unhappily, were
unduly tight, and in the struggle I carried
away a button, fortunately concealed in part
by my waistcoat. Even when fairly down I
made bad weather of it. The divan is broad
and very low. The natives, male and fe-
male, sit perched upon it with their legs coil-
ed under them; the Englishman, whose legs
and trousers alike oppose themselves to such
a proceeding, may sit on the edge till he
breaks his back for want of something to
lean against, or may push himself back for
the support of the wall, and then finds his
abominable legs absurdly presented straight
to the front like two pieces of artillery,—in
which last position I was waited upon, ac-
cording to Jewish etiquette, by the ladies of
the household, and received a long pipe, and
lemonade, and candied sweetmeats perplex-
ing to handle, and a small "go" of a pale
pink liqueur which I must say was nasty,
at the hands of damsels each one more ex-
traordinary than the other.

There is a great deal that is graceful in
the dress of the Jewish women. A silk or
satin jacket, open in front, shows a quantity
of fine lace or muslin covering the breast;
the sleeves, moderately tight, are cut open
at the wrist and hang loose, together with
a hood of lace representing, I suppose, an en-
tire sleeve. A long straight petticoat (per-
haps there exists a slit up its front which
might in the eye of the scientific zoologist,

rank it in an aberrant group of the great
family of coat-tails), of very rich materials,
white and gold, blue and gold, and the like,
without gather and without trace of crinoline,
flows straight down to the ground, unbroken by
flounce or other ornament. Round the waist,
so low hung as just to catch on the hips, a
large rich sash is twisted in one heavy fold;
and beneath all, when the petticoat happens to
rise, peep out voluminous muslin trousers
and turned-up yellow slippers. So far nothing
could be better; but here all beauty
ends. The lady's face is simply frightful.
The eyebrows are clean eradicated, and in
their place, but taking a course which no
real eyebrow could have followed, a thick
hard line of the hardest black paint is drawn
in a tremendous arch, beginning in the lit-
tle pit that forms the junction of nose and
forehead, and ending heaven knows where
beyond the opposite corner of the eye. In-
side and outside, the edge of the eyelids are
blackened, so as to form a deep smudged
border all round; and from the outer cor-
ner of the eye the paint is carried out in a
thick line, intended no doubt, to increase the
apparent length of the opening. The head-
dress is worthy of the head. Its ground-
work is something resembling a large fez
with an excessively long tassel. Round this
is folded a handkerchief or scarf, much after
the fashion of French tambourine-women;
and over this again, wherever there is room
to stick them, flowers, diamonds, sprigs of
pearl, and incongruous decorations of every
kind, are dotted higgledy-piggledy, in a
style which reminds one of an entomologist's
sheet of cork with butterflies pinned on it.—
Little plaits of hair, looped up in divers di-
rections, flow from beneath; and a regular
cataract of tails, each equal in magnitude to
that of a cow, comes down behind,—all, I
was told, of false hair, in the case at least
of married women. Jewish proprieties in
Damascus forbid a married woman to show
a particle of her own hair, so she shows
somebody else's.

But the spectacle of spectacles was the
bride. Her dress, in general style much
what I have described, was of course, as
suggested by her friends could make it. She
was covered with a long and perfectly trans-
parent veil. Round her neck and descend-
ing into her lap was a series of gold chains,
some of them with gold coins attached, so
numerous as to form something like a breast-
plate of chain armour. Her hands were
completely covered with a black pattern
produced by caustic, the back being stamped
with a small figure such as might be print-
ed on calico, and the fingers ringed with the
same coloring till they looked like nasty
snakes. She sat perfectly motionless, slight-
ly leaning back in her chair, her eyes closed
and her hands in her lap. This deportment,
I was told, was symbolical of modesty. The
effect, as I said before, was that of a ship's
figure-head. If the Mary-Ann of North
Shields were to indulge in a representation
of herself in a state of virgin bashfulness,
executed by the ship's carpenter with an un-
limited allowance of paint and gilding, the
result would be not unlike this Jewish
bride.

After a considerable pause, occupied in the
reception of fresh guests, and broken by the
solemn entrance of the bridegroom's mother
at the head of a column of ladies uttering
shrill cries not unlike view-hollas—we were
marshalled into a great open alcove adjoin-
ing the court. The bridegroom was now
brought on the scene. He was an underbred
looking man with a fez, a downy trace of a
mustache, and a long purple-croesus-colored
gown, and looked the biggest fool I ever saw
in my life. Along with him appeared the
officiating Rabbi, three or four in number,
fat clerical persons in turbans and dark
gowns, who, taking their stand in the centre
of the floor, commenced service. I forget the
exact order of the ceremonies. There was a
good deal of chanting in a sing-song tune;
then the chief Rabbi read the marriage con-
tract in a species of rapid jabber that was
evidently not meant or wanted to be under-
stood, and next, taking a glass of wine in
his hand—the glass was a thin ill-made
tumbler, and the wine of a sour-looking red,
more suggestive of stomach-aches than of the
generous plenty and fertility of which I was
told it was emblematical—he chanted again,
and finished by taking a sip himself and
giving one to each of the happy couple.—
The latter, during all this chanting, had
been standing face to face, partly concealed
by a sheet held over their heads by the la-
dies of the house. In spite of this covering
I had a pretty good view of them. The bride
with her eyes still shut—I never saw her
open them from first to last—resembled a
ship's figure-head as much as ever; the bride-
groom, happy man, looked as much embar-
rassed as his stupidity would allow him,
and kept making little futile digs with his
hands at his breeches pockets. These he
always failed to hit; but still, under the
influence of *maudise honte* and the spell-
bound inability to move which it creates,
would feign to have found them, and at some

trouble to himself would keep his hand in
the suitable position as though he was lux-
uriating in the desired depths. I must warn
the reader that "breeches pockets" is a fig-
ure of speech. In strict truth, the apertures
so anxiously sought were in the crocus-col-
oured gown; but they occupied so exactly
the position of breeches pockets—not only
locally, but spiritually, as a refuge and a
solace—that I was unwilling to spoil the
beautiful picture I was drawing by stopping
at that moment to define them otherwise.

The ceremony ended with that sip of wine.
The spell that held him was broken, and the
bridegroom, turning his back on bride and
company, went straight to earth. Whether
when they next wanted him, they smoked
him out, or dug him out, or bolted him with
a Rabbi, I am sorry that I cannot state.

Before we took our departure, some of the
ladies of the household showed us a Jewish
dance. It was a *pas seul*, beginning with a
slow motion, which as you wanted to be com-
plimentary or the reverse, you might call
giddling or shuffling, accompanied by sweeps,
a little too stiff and angular to be graceful,
of each arm alternately. Occasionally, rais-
ing her hands clasped together in precisely
the position adopted by children when they
make "rabbits" on the wall, the performer,
drawing one finger over another with a pe-
culiar art, produced a sound not unlike that
of castanets; and then, warming upon her
work, she further embellished her steps with
a kind of rapid wriggling, as though she
wanted to create a friction between herself
and her dress.

[The following beautifully expressed re-
marks on the manner in which Nature pre-
pares the dying for the inevitable change,
we take from Dr. Holmes' Talk in the last
number of the Atlantic Monthly.]

No human being can rest for any time in
a state of equilibrium, where the desire to
live and that to depart just balance each
other. If one has a house, which he has
lived and always means to live in, he pleas-
es himself with the thought of all the con-
veniences it offers him, and thinks little of
its wants and imperfections. But once hav-
ing made up his mind to move to a better,
every incongruity starts on upon him until
the very ground-plan of it seems to have
changed in his mind, and his thoughts and
affections, each one of them packing up its
little bundle of circumstances, have quitted
their several chambers and nooks and mi-
grated to the new home, long before its
apartments are ready to receive their bod-
ily tenant. It is so with the body. Most
persons have died before they expire,—died
to all earthly longings, so that the last
breath is only, as it were, the locking of the
already deserted mansion. The fact of the
tranquility with which the great majority
of dying persons await this locking of those
gates of life through which its airy angels
have been going and coming, from the mo-
ment of the first cry, is familiar to those
who have been often called upon to witness
the last period of life. Almost always
there is a preparation made by Nature for
unearthing a soul, just as on the smaller
scale there is for the removal of a milk-
tooth. The roots which hold human life to
earth are absorbed before it is lifted from
its place. Some of the dying are weary and
want rest, the idea of which is almost in-
separable in the universal mind from death.
Some are in pain, and want to be rid of it
even though the anodyne be dropped, as in
the legend, from the sword of the death-An-
gel. Some are stupid, mercifully narcotized
that they may go to sleep without long to-
sing about. And some are strong in faith
and hope, so that, as they draw near the
next world, they would fain hurry toward
it, as the caravan moves faster over the sands
when the foremost travellers send word
along the file that water is in sight. Though
each little party that follows in a foot-track
of its own will have it that the water is
which others think they are hastening is a
mirage, not the less has it been true in all
ages and for human beings of every creed
which recognized a future, that those who
have fallen worn out by their march through
the Desert have dreamed at least of a River
of Life, and thought they heard its mur-
murs as they lay dying.

REWARDS OF FIDELITY. Never forsake a
friend. When enemies gather round; when
sickness falls on the heart; when the world
is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true
friendship. Those who turn from the scene
of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove
that interest only moves them. If you have
a friend who loves you, who has studied
your interest and happiness, be sure to sus-
tain him in adversity. Let him feel that his
former kindness is appreciated, and that his
love was not thrown away. Real fidelity
may be rare, but it exists—in the heart.—
They only deny its worth and power who
never loved a friend, or labored to make a
friend happy.

Most people seem to think that advice, like
physic, to do good must be disagreeable.

SWEET NETTIE GRAY.
MAKING LOVE ON AN APPLE TREE

Everybody said that Nettie Gray was a
beauty; not one of your polished city belles,
but a gay, romping, saucy piece of nature's
own handiwork, yet gentle and affectionate
withal, possessing a depth of feeling and
sentiment which few were able to fathom.

Now 'sweet Nettie Gray,' as she was called,
had long been beloved by one Charley Grafton
—the handsome young merchant who kept
the only store in the little village of N—
could boast of; where he had, for so e four
or five years, dealt out tea, sugar, coffee, to-
bacco, calicoes, silks, pins, needles, hardware,
and a variety of merchandise, to the villagers
and surrounding farmers, he had realized
quite a little fortune; part of which he in-
vested in the purchase of widow Morton's
beautiful cottage and grounds, which, at the
death of her husband, she had been obliged
to dispose of and take a cheaper place where
she could live less expensively; while from
the surplus of the price received for the cot-
tage, she realized a snug little income.—
Charley had also taken the widow's son into
the store, as his increased business made it
necessary to procure assistance. The salary
paid to little Johnny was a material help to
his mother, for which she was very grate-
ful to the young merchant, and she never failed
to speak a word in his praise whenever an
opportunity presented.

This, with the numberless acts of generos-
ity which Charley was never tired of perform-
ing, made him the hero of that little village,
and caused him to be beloved and respected
by both young and old, for many miles around.
To say that Nettie Gray was indifferent to
his many visits, or for the ardent love he en-
tertained for her, would be doing injustice
to her warm, appreciative heart. But the
spirit of mischief seemed to possess her, and,
though she was uniformly kind and gentle
in her disposition towards her lover, and
would converse freely and unreservedly with
him upon any topic, yet when he approach-
ed the subject that lay nearest his heart, she
was off like a frightened bird. Not that she
was afraid of him, or that the subject was
repugnant to her, for her own heart was
equally interested; but she was delighted to
tease him, and heartily enjoyed his discom-
fort on such occasions. She knew he loved
her with all the strength of his soul, and she
had no fear of alienating his affections from
herself—an event which would have given
her the deepest pain.

Charley had begun to think seriously of
marriage; and why not? There stood the
cottage embowered in trees, many of which
were bending under their heavy load of rare
fruit, unoccupied. It needed only the gentle
presence of his bright eyed Nettie to make it
a paradise. His income was more than
sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant
wants, and why should he not marry? Many
times he had visited Nettie for the express
purpose of making known his wishes, but
had as often been prevented from saying what
he wished to say, by the little mischief
running away at the first word he uttered
on the subject. To think of supplying her
place from the many fair damsels in it—who
would gladly have accepted his hand, was
out of the question. It was Nettie he loved,
and Nettie only, and he felt sure she return-
ed his affections, but how could he ever get
married if he was not permitted to propose.
'I must resort to stratagem,' he thought, and
he partially formed many plans to bring the
little beauty to terms, and as often abandon-
ed them.

His mind was busy with such thoughts as
one bright morning in September he walked
towards Farmer Gray's mansion. He leis-
urely ascended the hill, at the top of which
upon a level table land stood the great old
house, when he was startled by a familiar
voice calling out:
"Bring the ladder, Dick! I want to get
down." And looking up, he beheld Nettie
seated in the wide spreading branches of a
large apple tree that stood in the field near
the road. Dick, perched upon the top-most
round of a ladder that leaned against a pear
tree, was quietly filling a basket with the
rich fruit.

"Wait a minute, sis," replied Dick, without
looking up; "I have got my basket almost full—
I'll come in a minute."

"Come now, Dick! quick, quick, quick!"
again called the impatient voice of his sister.
Dick evidently began to think there was
something wrong, for, as he turned around,
his eye instantly caught sight of our hero
coming up the road, but a few rods from
where they were. He instantly descended
from the tree, but instead of carrying the
ladder to assist his sister to descend, he gave
a loud shout, threw his cap into the air,
cleared the wall with one bound, and ran
rapidly down the hill, shouting at the top of
his voice, "O, Mr. Grafton, I've treed a coon!"
Then placing his hands upon the ground
before him, he turned some five or six com-
saults, picked up his cap, and ran with all his
might to the house. The little rogue evident-

ly loved mischief as well as did his pretty
sister.

Charley's first thought was to go to the
assistance of Nettie, and he leaped the wall
and approached the tree. Taking the ladder
from the pear tree, he was about placing it
for her to descend, when a sudden thought
suggested itself. "She cannot run away from
me now," and not stopping to consider the un-
gallant act, he grasped a lower branch, and
with some gay remark, swung himself lightly
up and took a seat by her side.

Nettie, who was an amiable girl and could
take a joke as good naturedly as she could
give one, only laughed heartily at the trick
her brother played upon her, complimented
Charley upon his agility, and invited him to
help himself to the blushing fruit that hung
in such tempting profusion about them.—
After chatting on a variety of themes, he
determined to approach the subject, and, if
possible, get an intelligent answer. For some
time he sat in silence, then said:

"Nettie I have something to say to you."
"Ah! have you?" she replied. "Well Char-
ley, please help me down, and you can say
it as we walk to the house."

Charley saw the mischief in her eyes, and
resolved to go on without heeding her request
yet he changed somewhat in his mode of
attack.

"Nettie, I am going to be married."
"Married! Charley, married!"

Without heeding the prayerful glance that
was raised to his face, he went on:

"Yes, Nettie, my business is now very pros-
perous; I have a pretty home, which needs
only the additional charm of a pair of bright
eyes. I have found a sweet, gentle girl,
whom I love with all my heart, and who is
willing to become my wife, and I have resolved
to marry. I have tried a long time to tell
you, but you would not hear it."

Nettie had listened to this speech in utter
amazement. She had long believed that she
was the beloved of Charley Grafton's heart,
and she meant, after she had teased him to
her heart's content, to listen to his love, and
become his dutiful and loving wife.—
But her hopes were now suddenly dashed to
atoms. It was too much. A giddy faintness
came over her, and, but for support of Char-
ley's arm, she would have fallen to the
ground. Charley noticed her emotion, and
feared he had gone too far. It was but for a
moment, however. She soon regained her
self-possession, and sat uprightly by his side.
Her face was very pale, but her eyes flashed
proudly as she replied, and there was a spice
of bitterness in her tone:

"Play I ask the name of her who has been
honored with the offer of the hand and heart
of my noble friend?"

"First let me describe her. She is a beauti-
ful girl, and possesses a warm and loving
heart. She has but one fault—if fault it
may be called. She delights to tease those
who love her best, and often has she given
me a severe heart pang. Yet, Nettie, I love
her deeply and fervently, and it shall be the
object of my life to guard her from harm, to
prothet her, as far as I able, from the slight-
est breath of sorrow, and I shall be abun-
dantly rewarded by her love. Nettie, I have
never offered her my hand, tho' she has long
possessed my heart. I do it now. Nettie.—
Dearest, can you ask her name?"

Nettie gave one long, inquiring look, as
though she but half comprehended his words.

"Will you be my wife, Nettie?"

"What?" she replied, half bewilderingly,
"Are you not going to be married? Are you
not forever lost to me?"

"Yes, if you will consent to be mine!"

She realized what it would be to loose him;
her head sank upon his bosom, and bursting
into tears she murmured:

"Yes, Charley, I will!"

Son Master Dick came bounding into the
orchard, one hand filled with a huge slice of
bread and butter, while with the other he
tossed his cap into the air, showing that he
fully comprehended the state of affairs, shout-
ing at the top of his voice:

"Hallo, Mr. Grafton, ain't you glad I treed
her for you?"

Both greeted this sally with a burst of
laughter, and soon all three were engaged
in a wild romp upon the green turf.

We hardly need add that the same autumn
witnessed a right merry wedding at the old
mansion of farmer Gray.

CURIOUS STORY OF WATERLOO. Everybody
was in expectation of a battle. It was known
in England that Napoleon had crossed into
the Netherlands, and that Wellington was
ready to meet him. News was slow of com-
ing, and people's hearts were sick with the
expectation of the next mail. It chanced
that between the services of that eventful
Sunday, a clergyman in Kent was walking
in his garden. His gardener was an old
soldier who had fought in Spain. He said,
"There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere,
for I remember when we were in the Penin-
sula, we always knew when a cannonade
was taking place, wherever it might be, by
a crumbling of fresh mould." He took a

spade and dug down a single foot along the
smooth surface left by the steel, an imper-
ceptible trembling shook down little pel-
lets of the soil. "That's it, sir," said the
gardener; "they're at it, sure enough." Be-
fore the next Sunday came round, the news
had spread from end to end of all the "sea-
girl isle;" joy cannon had sounded from all
the castles in the land; and it was known
that the greatest victory of modern times
had crowned the British arms.—[Border Ad-
vertiser.

CLIMBING UP.

It is a very common thing to hear people
excuse their want of cultivation, of education
of respectability, of refinement—in fact, of
all the qualities that give one social value
and position—by referring to the many great
men who have risen from the lowest round
of the human ladder. They point to Shake-
spere, Calude Borraine, Columbus, Napoleon,
and other historically-famous individuals—
including Horace Greeley—and trace them
back to their early poverty and ignorance,
as an excuse. They say, "If these men came
from my class, it must be the best one."—
The matter lies in a nutshell. The
lowest circle is an excellent one to get away
from. The difference between William
Shakespeare and John Smith is, that William
could not remain in an ignoble position, that
circumstances could not keep him there,
while John cannot elevate himself above the
surroundings in which he was originally
placed. It is no disgrace to a man to have
ascended from the lowest and most degrad-
ing condition, but it is an overwhelming
shame if he remains in it when he has such
brilliant examples before him. To say that a
man "has had no advantages," is merely to
say he has not taken advantage of circum-
stances. None of the great men in his-
tory, those whose names and memories are
like shining lamps, illumining the present
through all the mists of the past, had "ad-
vantages." They seized their circumstan-
ces with an iron grasp, and made them into
advantages by their own strong wills and
superior talent. The same path lies open to
all. The ladder is hard to climb, wearying
to the feet and blistering to the hands; but
it has been climbed, and there are many
now in the mire and misery of the bottom
round, who, un mindful of blisters or wear-
iness, will attain the highest before they die.

CARD-TABLE COMPASSION. "So! Miss Hec-
tie died this morning of a consumption.—
She was no more than sixteen—a fine
girl!" "Ah! is she dead? Poor thing!"
"What's trumps?" "The man is dead, my
dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth
of that well behind the house, and which he
fell into."—"Is he? I thought he would
not recover.—Play a spade, ma'am." "There
were upwards of a thousand killed in the
last engagement in the East Indies. How
many childless parents are now in sorrow!"
"Ah! many, indeed. That odd trick is ours."
"The captain is now reduced to such pov-
erty, that I am told it would be charity to
send his family a joint of meat." "That's hard-
I have not a heart, indeed, sir." "He fell
on his head, and has been delirious ever since;
and the physicians have no hopes that he
will recover the use of his reason." "Oh! I
recollect, he rode against somebody. Play
a spade, if you please." "The prospect
to the poor at present is dreadful, in-
deed—there will be a powerful appeal to
the feelings of the rich." "Yes; one really
gives so much in charity.—I'll bet you a
crown on the best club." "Pray, ma'am,
have you heard of the dreadful accident
which has happened to Mrs. —?"
"What? her son drowned? Oh, yes. You
are eight, you can call." "George, ma'am,
George, I am sorry to say, put an end to his
life last Tuesday." "You don't say so.—I
had two honors in my own hand." "Yes;
and, as misfortune never comes alone, his
mother and sister are in a state of distraction."
"Dear me! that's bad—single, double
and the rub—Ezent, counting their money."

A QUESTION IN OPTICS. At—College,
the senior class was under examination for
degrees. The professor of Natural Philoso-
phy was badgering the boys in optics. The
point under illustration was that, strictly
and scientifically speaking, we see not ob-
jects, but their images depicted on the retina.
The worthy professor, in order to make the
matter plainer, said to the wag of the class,
"Mr. Jackson, did you ever actually see
your father?"—"No, sir," Bill promptly
replied. "Please explain to the committee
why you never saw your own father."—
"Because," replied Mr. William Jackson,
very gravely, "he died before I was born."

A NICE POINT. "I can't bear children," said
Miss Prim, disdainfully.
Mrs. Partington looked over her spectacles
mildly before she replied:
"Perhaps if you could you would like them
better."

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 4, 1853.

End of the Volume.

This number of the *Reporter* completes one year of its existence. Contrary to the expectation of many who were even friendly to our enterprise we have maintained, thanks to our good patrons, a pretty robust life. It remains with those friends to say whether we shall continue the *Reporter* or not through another, or series of years. If our subscribers, advertising patrons, or jobbing, drops off to any considerable extent, we shall not be able to proceed with our little journal, as we cannot afford to publish it at a loss.—That a newspaper and printing press is needed in this section of the county, all well understand. It may be equally as well understood that if a respectable degree of public spirit as manifested even by our own townspeople, to say nothing of the people of the towns immediately adjoining, a newspaper can be well sustained here. The ground is ample if our citizens will but give us a lift, so far, at least, as to take the paper and pay for it! We do not esteem it a favor for any one to take the *Reporter* unless they honestly mean to pay for it. We have to ask it, therefore, of our good subscribers that they renew their subscription, and, if convenient, advance the dollar. Having the dollar in hand, we can expend it for such "raw material" as we need in getting up the paper to much better advantage than to get trusted for it. We hope none of our paying subscribers will fall off. We tell them we can ill afford to part company with them. Many subscribed at the first to encourage the enterprise. Let us still have their good countenance, for we need it now as much as we did in the beginning.

We cannot help thinking that our subscribers have also got their money's worth in the *Reporter*. We have no disposition to overrate the paper, but we claim that it has been a "very decent little sheet,"—as good, say, as country papers average. Under the circumstances, we do not see how we could have done any better. We have been found fault with, we know, but fault-finding is the "rough brake which virtue must go through," in most all instances of good human endeavor. Perhaps we have not unjustly been found fault with, but we hope we have not erred past forgiveness;—at any rate, we are "willing to be forgiven."

Those who are indebted to us will do us a great favor to pay up immediately. Don't let us have to ask for it again, for it is quite unpleasant to ask for even what is justly and fairly our own.

MORTALITY IN BRIDGTON has been comparatively great since we commenced the publication of the *Reporter*. Old and young alike have fallen before the relentless scythe of the insatiable destroyer.

Quite a large number of old men have been summoned away to the land of spirits, as it is meet they should have been, for the natural complement of their mortal years had been fully lived out. Their bodies had ripened for the grave, and their friends have consigned them thereto without much cause for murmuring. It is not so mournful, to say the least, for the aged, and earth-weary, to disappear from mortal life, as it is for the young, or those who are in the mid-career of their bodily sojourn. In the case of the latter, death has interposed an unnatural arrest. Their own, and the reasonable expectations of others in reference to them, have not been fulfilled. The affections and needs of the human soul are toned in accordance with the normal provisions of nature. If nature's arrangements touching our social and affectional needs are not accidentally and ignorantly disturbed, we have little to seriously mar or ruffle our course in life. But if sudden disaster, or premature disease seize upon those who are in the flush and glory of life, and to whom our expectant heart-strings tenaciously cling, and carry them away from our sight, mourning and poignant grief inevitably ensue.—Nature, as expressed in our bereaved hearts, must needs feel a mournful and aching void.

In this way a good many have been sorely bereaved within the past year, in this town. The records of their loss have been scattered through the several numbers of our paper. We feel to sympathize with all our bereaved friends. We hope their eyes are directed toward the "crystal coast" of immortality, on which stand those who are lost to their longing visions, but who will, when the veil shall be uplifted, be once more, and forever, seen and enjoyed. Let none mourn without hope.

Particularly do we offer our heart-felt sympathy to those bereft parents the untimely death of whose only daughter we this week record. As the snows of the last winter were melting away, so melted unto the unseen land, their eldest born, another lovely daughter, who was endeared to many by the graces of both her person and heart. And now, by a similar insidious disease, the only sister, equally beautiful and lovable, but a few months a favored wife, has likewise gone to the land of spirits! May the heavenly Comforter descend into the bleeding hearts of these parents, and to that of the young husband as well, and may an assured and vital belief grow up there that the term of separation from the lost ones will be but brief.

On our first page you will find an interesting sketch of a Jewish Wedding, from the pen of a humorous English writer.

A VISIT TO CAPT. HOLMES. Having occasion, on a recent visit to Portland, to call at the jail to see our friend, FRANK THOMPSON, who is a clerk in that institution, he politely offered us the privilege of looking over the building. We gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity to inspect this rather lugubrious place. The jail is an imposing structure, very strong, very convenient, very tidy and withal comfortable, considering its unpleasant associations. We passed before the cells in which there were here and there unfortunate criminals who, naturally enough, wore a rather sober aspect, which denoted plainly that they felt the way of the transgressor to be hard. We also had a look at the female department of the jail. There are some eight or ten women confined there, mostly for theft. In the day time they are allowed to occupy a room in common, where they sit and jabber, and some of them knit. A few of them are not bad looking. One black-eyed girl, some eighteen or twenty years old, very smilingly asked us if we would not get her out of the jail? We forgot what our reply was. We noticed another of the girls who seemed to feel the degradation of her situation. She was sitting on a bench with her head, which was rather finely shaped, resting on the palm of her right hand, with a good deal of rather touching sadness in her expression. She is evidently a person of good intellect, and has an attractive face: but she could not, or at least did not resist a strong propensity to steal.—We think Frank told us that she was incorrigibly light-fingered. Through the grates of one of the cells we saw Mrs. Wilson, who is awaiting trial for the murder of a child in Scarborough. Her back was turned to us, and we were not permitted to have a look at her face.

Having a desire to see and converse with CAPT. HOLMES, about whom so much has been said and written, and on whom the sentence of death as yet rests, we were, with his permission, shown to his room and introduced to him by friend Thompson. We found the Captain's place of confinement comfortable and even cheerful in aspect. Two ladies were sitting with him to whom Capt. H. in turn introduced us. One was his sister, a beautiful and interesting girl, in whose countenance the deepest and tenderest sympathy was visible, called forth by the tragical situation of her brother. The name of the other sympathizing lady friend we have forgotten.

If Captain Holmes is a deliberate, fiendish murderer, as the details of his trial would seem to indicate, why then his deportment is remarkably deceptive. In no lineament of his face, in no shade of its expression, could we detect anything that, in the remotest sense, suggests a cruel or murderous disposition! The entire reverse of this would be the impression of any tolerably well-skilled physiognomist who should see him with an unprejudiced mind. He is a grain under the medium height, finely formed, with a forehead high, broad, and even beautifully shaped, denoting natural talents of a high order. The entire shape of his head is indicative of a decided prevalence of the human qualities of our nature in a contradistinction to those we are wont to term the brutal. His eyes are of a lightish blue color, large, and of pleasant, open, and manly expression.—While from their still, expressive depths come no signs of malignity or cruel bias, we thought we could discern, in their remote background, so to speak, indications of a latent frenzy, or wild passion, which, like little storm-clouds that sometimes lie quietly on a far distant horizon, might be roused, under peculiar provocations, to a tempestuous, insane pitch. In these lurking indications of a latent insanity we thought we could read the mystery of that horrid act which brought Captain Holmes to the melancholy position in which we now find him. How else can we account for that senseless, motiveless killing for which he has received the sentence of death? We cannot, under all of the circumstances, resist the impression that he did the deed under a fit of stark insanity, and that therefore he should not receive the punishment of death. We know well enough that it is quite common to excuse evil deeds under the plea of insanity.—There is wide cause for this excuse, for insanity is an extensive disease in this restless land of ours. Most murders are committed under the influence of insane passion. We know well enough that society must protect itself against this lawless hallucination, but there is no necessity that murder shall be met with murder. The spirit of revenge is not allowable either in individuals or society. Therefore we are opposed to capital punishment under all circumstances, fully believing that the fear of it does not operate as a preventive of murder. It is not reasonable to believe that murder will cure murder.

Many individuals contend that capital punishment is demanded by our natural sense of justice. This "sense of justice" is necessarily subject to progressive modifications. This demand for justice used to hang people in the land of our forefathers for sheep stealing. Men swung by their necks until they were dead for the most trivial offenses. We now look back with a degree of wonder at the legal cruelty of those times. As men have risen up into the light of a more developed humanity, those rigid, unmerciful laws have given place to a legality more consonant to the christian spirit. But we are far enough yet from having attained, in our civil laws, to the great idea of Christian Justice. Christianity does not sanction anything vindictive in the treatment even of criminals. They certainly must be restrained—entirely disarmed of power to in-

jure society—and then be left to that unerring and inexorable retributive principle which resides in every human spirit. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord," is written in every human soul, as well as in the revealed Book of God.

For reasons above briefly and imperfectly given, we are opposed to capital punishment. Christianity and enlightened reason alike forbid it. Human life is sacred under all circumstances. Life for life, blood for blood, is a brutish code, and if government and society cannot be maintained without it, then Christianity must be pronounced an impracticable abstraction.

But we have not room to write further of this subject. We hope President Buchanan will be induced to commute the sentence of Capt. Holmes to imprisonment for life. And then, after a leisurely and dispassionate examination of his case, if it shall be seen that he committed the horrid deed for which he has been sentenced to death in a fit of insanity, then he will be entitled to a full pardon. So long as there is a particle of doubt hanging over his case, he should, as we are wont justly to say, have the benefit of that doubt.

Our interview with the Captain could not but impress us favorably in his behalf.—Judging from his countenance, he is about the last person we should suspect of the crime of murder. He talked with us very freely of his situation, and while he still entertains a hope of having his sentence commuted, he will, doubtless, if worse comes to worse, meet his fate with that fortitude and manliness which accord so well with that conscious innocence which he emphatically claims is his. Even if he be guilty, and does not suffer the outward penalty of the law, he cannot escape a just punishment of his crime. He has already suffered, as he says, greatly, not as a guilty man, but as the victim of most untoward circumstances. The Captain's tone and manner are manly, though sad and heart touching. We took leave of him with profound pity for him in his trying situation, with the hope that the President will judge his case favorably, and commute his sentence.

The feeling in Portland, we learned, was favorable to the commutation. We were informed too, that nine of the jury men who convicted him have signed the petition to have his sentence changed. We shall soon know the result.

DEADFUL ACCIDENT. On Thursday afternoon of last week, as Mr. J. F. WOODBURY, of the firm of J. F. & J. D. Woodbury, was operating his planing-machine, and was reaching over to brush away the shavings from the cylinder, his foot slipped, and his hand and arm were drawn under it and cut and mangled so badly as to render amputation immediately necessary. But for a timely rescue from his shocking situation, Mr. Woodbury's entire arm would soon have been a mangled mass. As it was, the operators, Drs. Pease and Kimball, found it necessary to take off the arm a little below the elbow joint. Mr. Woodbury is doing as well under the injury as could be expected. Yet his is a very unfortunate case. He is one of our best mechanics, and we believe invented the very excellent planing-machine through which his injury was received.

GOOD VIEWS. Among the many good views we get of the surrounding country, is one from Pickel Hill, in Sebago. We went up with a choice and jolly company, not long since, and enjoyed the excursion " hugely."—This Hill completely overlooks Sebago lake, a sheet of water not one whit behind its neighbor, Winnepiscaukee, in picturesque interest. This whole region is swarming with the beauty of hill and dale, lakelets and "running brooks," and lovely women, which makes it a very desirable location to reside in. We shall not soon forget the view we had from Pickel Hill. Brother Lewis will not soon forget it, we trow. Nor will a certain young lady who, though she skirted ahead of us old people, in the ascent, and thought herself immeasurably smarter and tougher than us, had to take her bed from weariness, next day! We old "uns" are "tuf cuds," and don't easily "gin out."

We need not despair about the arrival of the Great Eastern at Portland till the last of next week. If she does not come then, we may cease to expect her until next Spring, when she will, perhaps, visit our shores. People had better make no special calculations about visiting her at Portland till her arrival is announced. The London papers advocate her stay in port the coming winter, which implies doubt of her seaworthiness. We don't wish to be considered a doubting Thomas, but there are reasons to fear that the boat will have to be dubbed the Great Failure, instead of the Great Eastern.

We hear it stated on every hand by our farmers that their crops of corn, apples, potatoes, &c., have come in much better than they expected. Notwithstanding its coolness, the past season has been a remarkably productive one. This is good news. Though our old town is somewhat rough, its soil is generally very good.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION. We learn that the Academy scholars are to have a grand exhibition at the close of the present term.—We are told it will be quite attractive. "We shall be there to see."

An exchange says that Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. lectured at Lewiston on the "rewards of life." He could lecture more learnedly on the "rewards of writing sensation stories."

HISTORY OF ALL RELIGIONS: By Samuel M. Smucker, L. L. D. Published by Duane Russell, Philadelphia. This is one of the best, if not the best, books of the kind we ever looked over. Its statements in relation to the many religions, based upon christianity, are, so far as we are capable of judging, quite impartial and accurate. These accounts, too, are stated with great clearness and succinctness, two very desirable qualities in a book of the kind. To those who have need or curiosity to consult works of this character, we should recommend this book. The Publishing House from which this book emanates is a great gift establishment, and distributes liberal presents to all who purchase books from it. Address Duane Russell, Quaker City Publishing House, No. 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

One of the most fatal mistakes which men have made and continue to make, is measuring most all of the interests of life by a money standard. The question with reference to all enterprises is, "Will it pay?" Money is the supreme thing. It is not only the first consideration in commercial transaction, but even in science, morals, and religion, it is a staple constituent. Nothing is viewed as containing its own reward. All things are merchandise. "I could never," says Goethe, "have fully comprehended how paltry men are, and how little they care for high aims, if I had not had such opportunities to test them in the course of my scientific researches. I saw that most men only care for science in so far as they can get a living by it, that they are ready to worship error which they find profitable for this object."

A FINE CONCERT. We had in Temperance Hall, last Monday evening, one of the best concerts we ever attended in any place. The singers were a Miss Clyde, and Miss Jenny Wood. The singing could not be well surpassed. We were really sorry to see so few present, as it is rare we have so rich a treat in the musical line in this place. Miss Clyde is a most witching nymph of song. These singers came here with no pretensions whatever—with no *clat*, but we will venture to say that we shall not soon hear their like for some time to come. There was nothing *bogus* about their concert. We commend these beautiful singers to concert goers everywhere.

Bro. True of the Bethel Courier has three remarkable pigs. One, he says, resembles a pert looking lawyer, another a tin peddler, and the other, an editor, whom he knows. Wonder what editor the doctor refers to? He can't be speaking of himself? He don't know us personally, so we cannot be meant. These pigs are expected, by the doctor, to distinguish themselves at the end of 1853, and then we suppose they will be extinguished and consigned to the pork-barrel.

Will you, friends of the *Reporter*, just consider that this is end of Vol. 1st; and, if you would have us go on smoothly and happily with our paper, will you please advance a dollar for the volume that is to follow? It will help us greatly if you will do so. Don't let us wait for you to be gracious, but come forward and do the polite thing at once!

SOME PUMPKINS. We saw some of the largest and handsomest pumpkins in the cellar of our neighbor W. LARABEE'S new house, that we ever saw in our life. How does he manage to raise such large ones? He should impart his secret. We also glanced through the rooms of his very commodious house.—It is an ornament to our village, as well as a matter of pride and comfort to him and his wife.

We have received from Rev. M. W. WILLIS, pastor of the Unitarian society in Nashua, N. H., a pamphlet containing a very interesting memorial of that society, and letters from past and present pastors of it. We have read this memorial, and especially the letters, with great pleasure.

Mr. R. Kittson, of the No. Bridgton Brass Band, lost, on a recent visit of the Band to South Bridgton, the mouth-piece to his bass horn. If it has been found by any one down there, will they return it to this office?

Goethe says most truly that "he who would work aright must never rail,—must not trouble himself about what is already ill done,—but do well himself. Humanity finds its true joy, not in tearing to pieces, but in building a new."

The water in wells, springs, ponds and brooks, is very low hereabouts. The Cumberland Mill, in this village, continues to run, yet it has never before been so hard up for motive power.

Mrs. Peoney had "company" lately, and complained that she "had nothing to make sass of," but said she had some "citizens (citrons) which she should make into preserves bime by."

This (Tuesday) morning the weather is very fine, although for some time past it has been rough and ungenial. The White Mountains are completely covered with snow.

We have got that original story we spoke of some time since, and shall print in a week or two. We have also a veritable bear-story, for the children, which will be told for their edification, soon.

Hear, O, young man, who would marry a fortune with a wife, instead of in one, what Michelet says in his recent book on Love.—We have no doubt of the truth of what he says on this head:—

It is well said in Eastern law, that "the wife is the household," and better still said the Eastern poet, "A wife is a fortune." Our Western experience enable us to add, "Especially when she is poor." Then, though she has nothing, she brings you everything. If you wish to ruin yourself, marry a rich wife.

Our scissors are getting out of repair perhaps because we use them so much. A new pair would be very acceptable.—[Aroostook Pioneer.]

Bad thing to have both pen and scissors out of repair, a'n't it, Bro. Hall?

COCOALINE. The merits and advantages of his preparation, made by Joseph Burnett & Co., of Boston, for restoring the healthy condition and growth of the Hair; and also its fine qualities as a Hair dressing, meet the wants of many for an article of this nature, that should be really beneficial in a permanent manner, and at the same time be a superior dressing for the Hair, and thus fully adapted to the toilet table. The permanent character of its effects and restorative influence, render it the most economical application that can be used for these purposes. Burnett's *Kallistion*, made by the same chemists, has obtained almost a world-wide reputation for its prompt beneficial influence upon the beauty of the complexion, and health and texture of the skin.

A FIGHT WITH PIRATES. A fearful story is told of a fight with pirates on board the ship *Ararat*, from Singapore and Bombay.—There were 74 pirates on board manacled. But one night, in a storm, when the vessel was rolling badly, they got loose, armed themselves with marlinspikes, blocks and holystones, and attacked the captain and crew. They stabbed the sentry to the heart. After an hour's hard fighting the pirates were driven to the top-gallant forecastle, and there charged with the bayonet, and killed, or forced over the bows. When lights were procured, and the loss on the side of the pirates was ascertained, out of sixty who had come on deck, twenty-eight were dead or missing.—Some were wounded besides.

It is not the least remarkable feature in this desperate scene, says the Times, "that the captain's wife, who was on board, quietly loaded and re-loaded her husband's pistols, and handed them up to him through the cuddy-light. At length the captain determined to advance; but this was to be done with the greatest caution, for if any of the pirates could have succeeded in concealing themselves so as to get behind the guard as they advanced and obtain possession of arms, the case might have become desperate indeed."

A CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.—Successful Amputation of one. On the 18th of Sept. last a male child was born in the town of Palmyra having two heads. The names of the parents are, John and Mary Ward. The first a natural head seemed as nearly perfect as that of an infant usually—the second or unnatural head was connected by a neck of about the usual length and size, to the back as posterior part of the first one, a little above the point where the head and neck naturally join.—Both heads were of about the same size, and facing opposite ways. Hair grew perfectly natural on both scalps, but the second head was entirely wanting in features—there were a few small irregularities where the face or features should have been, appearing as if nature had made an effort to form features, but without success. The health of the child seemed good, and it grew well until the 19th of the present month, when the unnatural head was successfully amputated, at the neck by Dr. J. C. Manson of Pittsfield; a dissection of this showed the skull to be composed of bone, and cartilage, and what should have been bone in the neck proved to be cartilage. The head contained a substance almost perfectly resembling brain but of less density. It has now been some five days since the operation and the child is fast recovering.

ENGAGING MANNERS. There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish.—The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.—[Taylor.]

LOLA MONTEZ. This somewhat celebrated woman is residing in Brooklyn, and not in this city, as the Herald states. Lola is now living with some intimate friends, who have stood by her in all her various fortunes.—She is said to have really experienced a change of heart, and those that knew her best assert that recently she has lived the life of a devoted and sincere Christian. Lola Montez ever since her marriage with Lieut. Heald, in England, has claimed his name, and has always used it in business transactions. Lola need neither play nor preach, for Heald enjoined in his will, that his executor should pay her an annuity £500 as long as she lived.—[N. Y. Day-book.]

LARGE FIRE IN BOSTON. On Sunday afternoon the Gooch street Sugar Refinery, owned by Seth Adams, was totally destroyed with its contents, occasioning a loss of \$130,000. It was the largest fire in Boston since the burning of the mechanical bakery. The building was a hundred feet square and six stories high, and upwards of sixty workmen were employed on the premises. The buildings, machinery and stock were insured on twenty-five different policies in Boston, New York, Hartford, Brooklyn, Springfield, Worcester, Providence and London, in all for \$92,000, and in no one office more than \$10,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

"If you ever think of marrying a widow," said an anxious partner to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; for that is the only way to prevent her from throwing his memory into your face, and making annoying comparisons."—"Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor; "she'll then praise him by saying, that hanging would be too good for you."

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE. An anecdote known Paris physician, and quite a humorist in his way, committed suicide recently shooting himself through the heart with a pistol. He was a man of great geniality, very fond of telling entertaining stories. The following anecdote was related by him not long since to a circle of amused friends. A young gentleman of excellent family on intimate terms with a charming woman who loved him devotedly, and who was, in his opinion, indignant that he did not requite her own violent passion. One day, while going to him of her genuine and disinterested love, he listening and laughing, she once rose from her seat, and in a passion demanded what she should do to prove the truth of her assertions.

"My dear Leonie," replied the young man, "I never will believe in a woman's love! she shall have killed herself for me!" The room in which the scene occurred, on the third story. The window was Leonie suddenly threw herself out. The frightened youth rushed down, and into the street like a madman. He peeped to find the mangled body of the fatuated creature lying on the pavement to his great astonishment, she had not disappeared, but no trace of the dreadful was left. By a providential chance, a carriage of a rich Englishman, passing the moment. Struck with her beauty, he asked the bewildered fair one her name, and before the terrified lover had reached street she had consented to accompany him to England.

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.—New York, Oct. 30. The Herald's Washington correspondent says: "Great reserve is maintained by all the members of the government guard to the character of the dispatch recently sent to Mr. Dallas, our Minister in London, touching the San Juan Island. I am assured from a trustworthy source, negotiations of a very serious character pending between the two governments, that we are much nearer a violent rupture with England than is generally supposed. It is known that the dispatch of Lord Russell to our government is peremptory, its whole tenor anything but peaceful, would require some forbearance on our part. It demands full explanation of the conduct of Gen. Harney."

ACCIDENT. Mr. Joel Foster of Newry, severely injured, on Monday last, by falling from a roof upon him, on which several were at work. As it fell the rafters of the building rolling him off to the ground. Several of his ribs, and the flesh of one were badly injured. He suffered very much, but was more comfortable yesterday. Several others were slightly injured.—[Bethel C.]

Men sometimes think that the high cliffs of sorrow will darken their stream of life forever; but suddenly the green and undulating meadows spread far away in pastoral beauty, and the daisies bloom along banks where the willows hang with gracefulfulness.

THE VALUE OF QUOTATIONS. Great are not in everybody's reach; and it is good work to give a little to those who need it. neather time nor means to get more.

A shock of an earthquake was experienced at San Francisco, on the 5th ult.

The most tender-hearted man we have heard of was a shoemaker, who always had his eyes and whistled when he ran his into a sole.

It seems no more than right that he should seize Time by the forelock; for a rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls their hair out.

Life may be merry, as well as sad. Every person that owns a mouth has a good opening for a laugh.

Mr. Jones writes to a friend, and does saying, "I am glad to be able to say that wife is recovering slowly."

An epicure once asserted that two were required to make a meal of a chicken—self and the chicken.

A philosopher, being asked what was first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "an opportunity."

"Union is not always strength," a sailor said when he saw the purser hit his rum with water.

If you want an ignorant to respect "dress to death," and wear watch-seals the size of a brickbat.

The young lady who saw a baby kissing it has acknowledged that her husband is handsomer than her own.

The love that has naught but beauty keep it in good condition, is short-lived, a subject to shivering fits.

We should forget that there was any thing as suffering in the world, were we occasionally reminded of it through our senses.

An English missionary, now in Scotland, wrote home that he had "the whole of the proceeds of his sales, or other."

There is a relief in ridicule and a natural satire. Laughing at the miseries of the world will, in a great measure, us of any disagreeable passion about it.

On a person asking another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, he replied, "but I believe in their disappearance. I have missed a bottle of gin since last night."

The books in the library belonging to the British Museum, in London, occupy ten acres of shelf.

In France, love is a comedy; in England a tragedy; in Italy, an opera; in Germany a melodrama.

"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide if you don't have me."—"Well, then, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection I will believe that you love me."

"Husband, I must have some change today."—"Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough anyhow."

"Do you think that lobsters are healthy?"—"Yes; I never knew one complain of indigestion or health in my life."

Among the articles announced for sale at an auction, we perceived an article entitled "mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful child must have been of the Wood family.

Ballads are the gipsy children of the born under green hedge rows, in the lanes and by-paths of literature, in the summer time.

The most economical time to buy cider is when it is not very clear; for then it settles for itself.

Round Flour, Corn, Rye, Oats, Beef, Pork, Hams, Should Bacon, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hay, And diseases many plagues and spe TH The Dyspepsia cases of to clima eating or iver diges circumst become use of th been fou From t Magazin W. Fowle of the Ox he treat been too years, and any relief cheerfully afflicted v complain "Student From G Spain. V B. Green ters with nish me, I may case, four year remedies, your Bitt good health all who a them as s them as Wil In North west of Me. and daughter, of N. In Bridg est daught 1 year 25 d Farewe And This lo Thy Depart Thy Farewe On C Re MRS. WOUL He t entire Stool MI the p Bonnets Ribbons, BR Her Good and she is a time. She w satisfactory done as u Room Bridgton At a Court within an on the th year of o fifty-nine. M OSES G Webb, of Bridgton, presented h whole of the proceeds of s ess, or other It was O give notice t cessively, in at Bridgton, bate Court t on the thir cause, if an should not be WILL A true cop 52 AA At a Court within an on the th year of o fifty-nine. M OSES G Webb, of Bridgton, presented h the Real Est his just debt and therein r thereof woul of the remain It was O give notice t cessively, in at Bridgton, bate Court t on the thir the clock in any they h be allowe WILL A true c 47 AA "HOODS A SURE A LOT O DIXEY

MISCELLANY.

For the Reporter.

The following beautiful original ballad entitled "Peter's Farm," is from the versatile pen of Leah Lee.

I'm not about to tell you of
Minstrels of olden time,
Or troubadours who brave exploits,
Sang in impromptu rhymes.

Peter was but a farmer's boy,
Who led a rural life,
And when his daily task was done,
He played upon his fife.

Nor were we lovers: no, for I
Was but a little child,
And he a well-grown lad who thus
His leisure hours beguiled.

Of a summer eve he stood,
Down by the garden gate,
And played the crescent moon to sleep,
But I was wide awake.

From that old fashioned instrument,
Such melody there came,
In all these after years mine ear,
Hath caught no sweeter strain.

It is wondrous spell it, even now,
Steals o'er me unaware:
Its echoes have my heart beguiled,
Of many an after care.

And I but ask once more to find,
A heaven with joy as rare,
As was my heart with ecstasy,
At sound of Peter's fife.

THE BROKEN TRYST.

BY VINN W. OSGOOD.

Autumn was robed for a festive scene,
To greet the spirit of Summer's queen,
Who wandered forth from her sylvan shades,
To walk once more earth's dewy glades.

She trailed her garments o'er the plains
And lo! to death summer smiled again,
The east o'er earth a hazy haze,
Which wrapped us in June's rosy haze.

The harvest-moon hung high in heaven
Silvering the purple-azure even—
The maples scattered their crimson rain
Like showers of rose-leaves o'er us twain.

We kept our tryst 'neath the maple tree
That beautiful night, my love and me,
What knew we of the glorious night,
We who basked in the sun's pure light?

For we planned beneath that harvest moon,
That our lives should blend in one full moon,
But God in his wisdom, saw not as we
Who kissed that eve 'neath the crimson tree.

The last leaves fell to the withered ground,
But they swept a grave—a new made mound.
What need I tell of the sad heart-pains
That have drunk the life-blood from my veins?

While I sit alone by the maple tree,
And the harvest moon smiles down on me,
I know we shall keep our broken tryst
One harvest time at the feet of Christ.

THE FORT TAT. A young physician, lately married, and just commencing the practice of medicine, some years since, with quite a gay horse and vehicle, and his young wife riding with him, drove rapidly up behind a lawyer, who, with his wife and five or six children and nurses, was driving a one-horse carriage rather the worse for wear. On coming up within speaking distance, the doctor called out to his friend the lawyer, "Good-morning, lawyer; I see you have a heavy load and a sorry team."—"True," retorted the lawyer, "I have; but you have a heavy team and a very sorry load."

A discussion arose in a coffee room at Southampton as to the nationality of a gentleman at the other end of the room. "He's an Englishman," said one, "I know by his head." "He's a Scotchman," said another, "I know by his complexion." "He's a German," said another, "I know by his beard." Another thought he looked like a Spaniard. Here the conversation rested, but soon one of them spoke, "I have it," said he, "he's an American; he's got his legs on the table."

A preacher South during his prayer, preliminary to preaching, while full of zeal, used the following expression:

"O, Lord, we pray thee to cut tail the devil's power in this place!"

An old negro, who was always ready for a response, leaped upon his feet, and exclaimed:

"Amen, dat right, I cut de tail snake and emove off!"

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE. We sacrifice the Present in regretting the Past that has already gone, and in tormenting ourselves about the Future that has not yet come. It is pretty much the same with a widow. Between the husband she has lost and the husband she is expecting, her days are spent in alternately sighing over what she cannot change and what she cannot command.—Punch.

A woman's tongue is a sharp weapon that she should never draw except in her own defence, and then only after the strongest provocation. That weapon, sharp as it is, is never so effective as when tempered with mercy.

There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

A man courting a woman was interrogated by her father as to his occupation. "I am a paper hanger upon a large scale," he replied. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bill-sticker.

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

CULLEN C. CHAPMAN,
—DEALER IN—
FLOUR, CORN AND PROVISIONS,
NO. 33 COMMERCIAL STREET,
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PORTLAND, ME. 3 ly

A. B. BUTLER,
Fancy Dry Goods,
TRIMMINGS, & C.
13 Clapp's Block, PORTLAND, ME 17 ly

WILLIAM A. PEARCE, Plumber,
MAKER OF
FORCE PUMPS, AND WATER CLOSETS,
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Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths, Wash Bowls,
Brass, and Silver Plated Cocks.

Every description of WATER FIXTURE for
Dwelling Houses, Hotels, and Public Buildings,
Ships, etc., arranged and set up in the
best manner, and all orders in town or country
faithfully executed. All kinds of jobbing
promptly attended to. 4 ly

ARTISTS SUPPLY STORE.
No. 69 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.,
R. J. D. LARRABEE
Wholesale and Retail dealer in
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
ENGRAVINGS, PICTURE FRAMES,
LOOKING GLASSES, & C. GILT
AND ROSEWOOD FRAMES,
of all sizes, both oval and square, always on
hand, and made to order. Directions and
materials for the Grecian Painting, with 3 en-
gravings furnished for \$5.00. All patterns of
GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOLDINGS,
Also, New and Standard Sheet MUSIC 1/2

J. L. HOWARD, & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Furnaces, Ranges, Office, Parlor
—AND—
COOKING STOVES, &c., &c.,
—ALSO—DEALERS IN—
Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, all kinds of
Tin, Copper, Sheet Iron.

JOB WORK DONE TO ORDER.
John L. Howard, Edw. B. Howard,
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MOSES G. DOW, & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
CORN, MEAL, OATS, SHORTS, &c., &c.

Pure Ground Rock Salt.
And all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Orders & Consignments Solicited.
Nos. 5 & 7 Long Wharf, Bethel Build'g
MOSES G. DOW, A. C. TUTTLE.
PORTLAND, ME. 1 ly

CHARLES E. JOSE,
Importer of
CHINA, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,
And dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS,
Solar Lamps, Britannia Ware, &c.,
156 & 160 Fore, foot of Exchange Street,
33 PORTLAND, ME. 6m

J. W. MANSFIELD,
Wholesale and Retail
Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise,
—AND—
CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY,
No. 174 Middle St., opposite U. S. Hotel,
11 PORTLAND, ME. 33

GEORGE F. AYER,
Dealer in
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY
—AND—
EMBROIDERY,
154 & 156 Middle, Corner of Cross Street,
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Offers for sale MISCELLANEOUS and

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WEST INDIA GOODS,
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
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WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY
FRUIT, CIGARS, TOBACCO
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PURE REFINED
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105 FEDERAL ST., 5 DOORS ABOVE
ELM HOUSE, PORTLAND.
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S. Whitmore, }

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YOU can have Bill Heads Printed and Ru-
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Burning Fluid and Camphene.
Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medicinal and
Mechanical purposes only.
STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINES, etc.
Always at lowest market Prices.
Junction of Free and Middle Street.
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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,
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B. Greenough,
I. K. Morse,
A. L. Gilkey,
Particular attention is invited to our Stock
of Goods, it being by far the largest and most
complete in the market, comprising every va-
riety of Style, made of the best materials,
and in a superior manner. 2 ly

J. & D. MILLER,
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Flour, Oats, Shorts & Feed,
Commercial Street, Head of Portland Pier.
N. J. MILLER, JR. } PORTLAND, ME.
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Rooms, at
NO. 11, MARKET SQUARE,
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Is prepared to furnish all the known styles of
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Albino on Canvas, Paper, Glass (called Am-
brotypes) Metal or Leather, in as good man-
ner and at as low prices as any other estab-
lishment in the city.
Small pictures can be copied and en-
larged to any desirable size.
SATISFACTION WARRANTED.
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General Commission Merchants,
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Grocers & Provision Dealers,
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(Head Custom House Wharf.)
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G. M. MOULTON. }

FILES & EMERY,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in
HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,
170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME
FURS! FURS! FURS!
The best assortment of Foreign and Do-
mestic Furs ever offered in this market. This
is entirely a new house, and thus avoiding
the risk of getting old Furs. All of our Fur
Goods are fresh made and selected from the
besthouses in New York.
B. M. C. Files, F. C. Emery. 2 ly

Paper Box Manufactory,
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Boxes, of all kinds
manufactured at short notice. All orders ad-
dressed to
CHARLES H. JEWELL,
will be promptly attended to.
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LATEST Styles SILK DRESS HATS,
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NEW MILLINERY STORE,
Where may be found a good assortment of
READY MADE MILLINERY,
Consisting of
French Hats, Caps, Head Dresses,
RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.
Also, Ready Made Mourning Bonnets and
Hair Work.
Orders promptly attended to.
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Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
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Manufactured from the best Stock.
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Where may be found an assortment of in-
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modern improvements, which for power,
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ticity of action, beauty and durability of
workmanship, are unsurpassed by any other
manufacturer.
These instruments are all manufactured
from the best of materials, and fully warant-
ed. Satisfaction will be given in all cases.
REED ORGANS MADE TO ORDER,
WITH 4, 6 AND 8 STOPS. 2 ly
N. B. Our Instruments took the
First Premium
at the State Fair of '57 and '58.

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SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,
BLACK SILKS,
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of all desirable styles.

STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS,
LADIES CAPS, & HEAD DRESSES.
EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY &c.
All at the lowest prices.
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Stocks of every description Bought
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VERDIGRIS IN OIL,
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Together with a full assortment of
PAINTS,
of every description. Also, a large and
carefully selected stock of
Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, and
PATENT MEDICINES
of all kinds; which they offer as low as
they can be procured in New York or Boston.
Dealers will find it to their advantage
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63 COMMERCIAL STREET,
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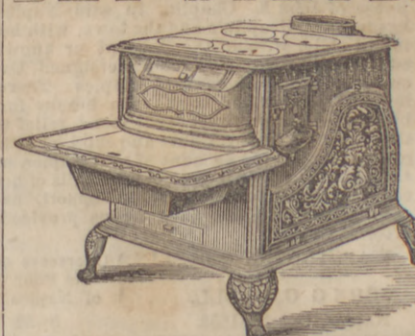
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IN USE IS THE
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YOU can do double the work with one hal-
the wood, and will last twice as long,
making it worth four times as much as any
other Stove and does not cost any more—
This Stove is kept constantly on hand by

B. CLEAVES & SON,
Where may be found a good assortment of
Cast Iron Parlor Stoves,
open and close front.
AIR TIGHT, PARLOR OVEN AND BOX
STOVES;
FIRE FRAMES, CAULDRON KETTLES,
Pumps, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Tin Ware,
and other things too numerous to mention.
All kinds of JOB WORK done at
short notice.
N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange.
Bridgton Center.

Pondicherry House.
THE subscriber would inform his
friends and the public that he is
ready to entertain, at the above
House, travellers in a good and
substantial manner, and for a rea-
sonable compensation. The Pondicherry
House is kept on strictly temperance prin-
ciples, and travellers will find it a quiet resting
place. My House is also fitted up for board-
ing, and all who see fit to take board with
me, will find a comfortable home.
I have also, good stabling for Horses.
MARSHALL BACON.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858. 2 tf

ADAMS & WALKER,
Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in
FURNITURE,
of all descriptions.
LOOKING GLASSES, FEATHER BEDS,
Mattresses, Carpetings and
PAPER HANGINGS.
—ALSO, DEALERS IN—
DRY GOODS,
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES
West India Goods, &c.
PAINTS AND OIL.
J. R. ADAMS,
C. B. WALKER, 1 BRIDGTON CENTER.

RUFUS GIBBS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of
BED BLANKETS
—AND—
FLANNELS,
SUCH AS
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY
BLANKETS;
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra WITNEY BLANKETS;
12, 11 & 10-4 WITNEY
12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.
CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.
4.4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

Horse Blankets
AND
YANKEE BROADCLOTH.
Also, dealer in
Dry Goods,
WEST INDIA GOODS.
—AND—
GROCERIES.
of every description
All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE want-
ed in exchange for Goods.
CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 15

DENTISTRY.
DR. HASKELL'S visits
at Bridgton, will continue once
in three months through the
year, commencing with the second MONDAY
in December, March, June and September.
Thanking the citizens of Bridgton and vicin-
ity for their liberal patronage heretofore,
he respectfully solicits an increase of the
same, and assures all who may need the ser-
vices of his profession, that it will be for
their interest, in every respect to call upon
him before going elsewhere.
Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients
at their residence without extra charge, but
all who wish such visits, or intend to employ
him, are particularly requested to make it
known at an early hour. 2tf

SAWYER & WISWELL,
BRIDGTON, MAINE.
Manufacturers and dealers in
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
GRAVE STONES,
Monuments,
Tomb Tables, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces,
Counters, Soda Pumps, Showers, Hearth
Stones, Soap Stones, &c., &c.
All of the best materials, and for Style and
Execution, unsurpassed.
All Orders Executed Promptly, at the Lowest
Possible Cash Prices.

Paris Stage Notice.
A STAGE leaves Bridgton Center, from
the Bridgton House, Daily, at 7 o'clock,
A. M., passing through North Bridgton, Har-
rison, and Norway, connecting at South
Paris with the Cars for Portland, which ar-
rive in Portland at 2 o'clock P. M. Return-
ing, leaves South Paris on arrival thereof at
the 1 o'clock P. M. train from Portland, and
arrives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock P. M.
The above Stage runs to Fryburg, Mon-
days, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Returns
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Down tickets to be had of the Driver; up
tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryburg,
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1 tf J. W. FOWLER, Driver.

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